

# THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

Pledged to The Republican Policy of Reciprocity and Protection to American Industries, as Formulated in The Republican National Platform.

Vol. XIV, No. 20.

Antioch, Illinois Thursday, January 17, 1901.

J. J. BURKE, Editor and Prop.  
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ALL THE LATEST  
MUSIC  
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MUSIC  
OF.....James

A Bird in a Gilded Cage.  
Hunky-Dory, March and Two-Step  
I Can't Tell Why I Love You, but I Do  
I Love You, Honey.

I Love You, 'Deed I Do  
Just Because She Made dem  
God-Goo-Eyes

My Moon-Beam Babe,  
She's Just Plain Sue  
The Blue and the Gray  
A Rabbi's Daughter  
Bunch of Blackberries  
'Deed I Ain't Seen no Messenger Boy  
I'd Leave My Happy Home for You  
Ma Black Tulip.

Smoky Mokes  
The Fatal Boas of Red  
When Knighthood Was in, Waltz  
Happy Mose Cakewalk  
Heart to Heart Waltzes  
Consolation Waltzes  
Decorah Waltzes  
Florence

He Certainly Was Good To Me  
I Would Rather Be a Beggar  
Than To Be Your Bride

If You Were by My Side, Lanore  
I'm Glad I Met You, Mary  
Knights of the Cross, Waltz  
Impecunious Davis  
At Dooley's Summer Garden  
Parson Preached the Word.

## BARKER LUMBER COMPANY

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Lumber, Lime, Salt, Cement, Brick, Tile, Hard and Soft Coal, Fire Glass, Building and Carpet Paper, Fire Brick, Etc.

Estimates Furnished on Application.

H. O. HERRING, Manager

The Antioch News and Weekly Inter Ocean  
\$4.00 Per Year For Both Papers, Cash With Order

### TO THE FARMERS OF ANTIOCH

I would like to say a few words to the farmers of Antioch, or in fact to all that are interested in raising and feeding stock, relating to diseases that make themselves manifest among farmstock, especially that of a malignant or contagious form. I have noticed for some time, or at least a number of years, that a portion of the owners of stock when a disease is established—and to a great extent with fatal results—instead of investigating and endeavoring to find out the cause and ascertaining if there is a cure or remedy for the same, for some unaccountable reason will keep it to themselves. If it was through negligence then I would not blame them, but when a farmer takes all possible pains to care for his stock and then have some disease establish itself among them that he does not understand or know anything about, I think it very essential he should get all information possible relating to it and letting it be known so others may have a possible opportunity to guard against it and perhaps avert its progress to a great extent. I have been informed of late that a large portion of the hogs and pigs in the vicinity of Hickory and Newport have died from what was supposed to be hog cholera, or at least attributed to that disease, as they did not know what else to call it, but I have been told by reliable authority that there was not a single case of cholera among them. If that is so, perhaps if the disease was properly diagnosed a large percentage of the mortality could have been averted and hundreds may be thousands of dollars saved. But of course this is a matter of conjecture on my part, as I have had no experience with diseases of hogs except what is called thumps among young pigs, caused by over feeding. But my experience with lambs for the last eighteen months has been a little out of the ordinary, and if I were a believer in witchcraft I would surely think that some knight of the profession or dame of the legendary broom-stick was venting out all their spite on my lambs with all the latent power or stock in trade known to the craft. My experience has been a good lesson to me, but I have had to pay a big price for it. One year ago last summer I lost sixty good lambs; when it was too late I discovered the cause and found a remedy. I have had a repetition to the one of a little over a year ago, or similar to that, yet different in character, as at that time the cause of the trouble was a parasite or small worm in the smaller stomach of the animal. Now it is a hair-worm located in the lungs. Up to the first of November my lambs were doing finely and they were in good condition. About that time, or soon after, they were turned into a corn field after the corn had been gathered—a portion of the field was mowed; the clover and timothy had dried out; had been cut for hay twice during the season; but the late summer rains had caused quite a rank growth of wild or native grass—I thought it would be just the right place to turn them. They had not been in but a few days when I noticed that several of them were not doing well and were scouring. I made up my mind that the pasture did not agree with them and concluded to take them out and put them in the pasture where they had formerly been running, but the change did not seem to do any good, in fact they were getting worse, so I put them on dry feed, but with no better results, then I concluded that it was something of a serious nature and began to make inquiries. One would say that it was the change of pasture, another that it was because the grass was frozen, the next said it was the sheep cholera, some said it was pin-worms, etc., etc.; but during the time I was making these inquiries I found out that the same cause, or as near as I could ascertain, was raising havoc in other localities of Volo, Grayslake, Rollins, Wilmet and other places, but I could not get any satisfaction, so I concluded to go over to Russell and see Dr. Wm. Lewin, V. S.; he said it was a disease of the lungs or pneumonia, caused by the worms or parasite located in the remote parts or ends of the air cells in the lungs, as I have stated above. I had made a number of examinations and had noticed that the lungs were in a terrible condition and badly inflamed. I have not lost any lambs since I saw Mr. Lewin, but if I do I shall make a very thorough examination and I may be doubly sure. It is necessary to use a magnifying glass to locate them. So far I have not been able to find a positive cure. Boring sulphur among them, where they inhale the fumes, has been recommended by some; but I am told that it is doubtful and cannot be relied upon, for the worms being in the extreme outer or small ends of the air cells, that it is almost impossible for the smoke to penetrate so far. One reason why I write this article is that perhaps others have had a similar experience and can throw some light upon the subject. It may be beneficial to others if I do not to be of any service to me. CHAS. B. BRUNT  
Grass Lake, Ill., Jan. 9, 1901.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin convinces you of its merit the first time you take it. Sold by W. A. Hill.

## The Antioch Bargain House.

wishes You the Compliments of the Season, and in order to lighten the 'burden of care' and help you to spend a Merry Christmas

we quote a Few BARGAINS!

### Groceries, Provisions

Salt Pork, per pound, 7c  
Swift's Silver Leaf Lard, pound, 9c  
Pickles, per gallon, 19c  
Cornstarch, per package, 3c  
Yeast Foam, per package, 3c  
Magic Yeast, per package, 3c  
4-Crown Raisins, worth 12c, only 8c  
Seedless Raisins, package, 10c  
Arm & Hammer Soda, 1lb package, 5c  
Quaker Oats, 8c  
A good Broom for 15c  
Hickory Axe Handles, worth 25c, 10c  
Don't miss the AAAA Coffee for 12c  
It's a Bargain

### Dry Goods, Clothing

Heavy Fleece-lined Men's Underwear worth 50 cents, only 39c  
Boy's Reefers, worth \$2.50 at \$1.75  
Boy's Suits for 1.75  
Men's Overcoats, very latest styles, actual value 14.00, only 9.00  
Men's Suits, highest grade goods in the market, worth from \$12 to 15, per suit, 9.00  
Men's, Sweet, Orr & Co.'s ex. heavy woolen pants, worth 2.50, only 1.90  
Crash Toweling, per yard only 3-1-2c

### CROCKERY, GLASSWARE

A Fine Stock of Crockery and Glassware, suitable for a Christmas Present.

### Bargains in SHOES

Men's Felt Shoes (a snap).....\$1.65  
Ladies' Felt Shoes.....1.40  
Full line Rubbers, Arctic, Felt German Sox and all kinds of Foot-wear.

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Our stock in Ladies' and Gent's Furnishing Goods is increasing. Nice line for presents.

## COHN & LEVIN,

WILTON BLOCK.

ANTIOCH, ILL.

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## Illinois Central R.R.

OF INTEREST TO  
STOCKHOLDERS

Free Transportation to Attend the Special Meeting at Chicago.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY.  
NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

Public notice is hereby given that a special meeting of the stockholders of the Illinois Central Railroad Company will be held at the Company's office in Chicago, Illinois, on Saturday, January 26, 1901, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

To permit personal attendance at this meeting there will be issued, to each holder of one or more shares of the Capital Stock of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, as registered on the books of the Company, a ticket enabling him, or her, to travel free over the Company's Lines from the station on the Illinois Central Railroad nearest to his or her registered address to Chicago and return, such ticket to be good for the journey to Chicago only during the four days immediately preceding, and the day of the meeting, and for the return journey from Chicago only on the day of the meeting, and the four days immediately following. When properly countersigned and stamped during business hours—that is to say, between 9:30 a. m. and 5:00 p. m.—in the office of the Assistant Secretary, Mr. W. C. Bruen, in Chicago. Such ticket may be obtained by any registered holder of stock on application in writing, to the President of the Company in Chicago. Each application must state the full name and address of the Stockholder exactly as given in his or her Certificate of Stock, together with the number and date of such Certificate. No more than one person will be carried free in respect to any one holding of stock as registered on the books of the Company.

For the purpose of this meeting the Stock Transfer Books will be closed at three o'clock p. m. on Thursday, December 20, 1900, and remain closed until the morning of Monday, January 7, 1901.

A. G. HACKSTAFF,  
Secretary.

## As the Ladies of Antioch

And surrounding country have all been made beautiful through wearing our F. C. and Cresco Corsets. We will now give them a short season of rest and try to impress upon our fellow man the importance of

## Wearing Good Underwear.

In this line we have the Celebrated "Staley" which needs no comment by us suffice to say our prices defy competition, and the goods speak for themselves. No trouble to show them. We aim to Please You.

HOYT & VICKERS

## THE GREATEST Sacrifice Sale of Hardware and Farm Machinery Ever Made in Lake Co.

A FEW OF THE GREAT BARGAINS TO BE HAD BEFORE FEB. 1:

Nails, per pound.....3c	Solid Cast Steel Spades.....75c
Nails in keg.....\$2.65	Cross-cut Saws.....\$1.00
Stove-pipe, per length.....13c	Bushel Baskets.....23c
Elbows.....13c	Wheelbarrows.....\$1.25
Majestic Hand Saws.....78c	Wagon Seta, complete.....\$1.39
Henry Diston Hand Saws.....89c	Hub Lightening Axle Grease, box.....5c
Frying-pan.....20c	Celebrated Crow Blacking, best made per bottle.....7c
5-gallon Oil Cans, with Faucet.....49c	Cast steel razor-blade, 10-inch, Draw Knives.....50c
1-gallon Oil Can.....41c	12-inch Monkey Wrenches.....83c
Lanterns.....30c	Globe Wash-boards.....23c
Coal-hods.....25c	Stove Boards.....99c
Milk Pails, with strainer.....35c	Jersey Ideal Ranges, best made.....\$31.00
Electric Buck Saws.....60c	Extra heavy Milk Cans.....\$1.80
Electric Barn-door Rollers, 4-in. pr.....59c	Gun Powder, F. G., per pound.....18c
Electric Barn-door Rollers, 3-in. pr.....51c	Horse Blankets at your own price
Electric Barn-door Track, per foot.....6c	Milk Wagons, guaranteed 2 years.....\$3.80
Osego 3-tine Forks.....33c	D. F. I. Disc Harrows.....\$18.50
Solid Cast Steel Scoop Shovel.....70c	

CALL and Inspect Stock and be Convinced.

P. P. AMES, Antioch, Ill

## Are We Here Yet? Indeed We Are!

And We Promise You We Are Here to Stay!

But we cannot promise you \$2.00 worth of goods for \$1.00 in money. We will give you just as good goods as you can get anywhere for your dollar. Embalming done by the latest methods. Calls answered day or night. Lady assistant.

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ANTIOCH and LAKE VILLA.

## A. CHINN, Auctioneer

Real-estate and Fire Insurance Agent.

Antioch, Ill.

### MISS LELIA WILLIAMS,

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# THE NEWS.

A REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
J. J. Burke, Editor & Publisher

By Mail, One Dollar Per Year, in Advance.

THE NEWS guarantees a Larger, Bonnier  
Circulation in Western Lake County, than  
Any Paper Published in The State.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

Russia has abolished the saloons, except in Moscow, where they will cease to exist next year, and in Siberia, where they will be abolished in 1903. Although this is pronounced as a moral reform, and it will unquestionably be such to many, it does not abolish either the manufacture or the sale of intoxicants, but they can only be sold in bottles, and by agents of the government, as under the South Carolina dispensary law.

According to announcement of the Civil Service Commission, Maryland, Virginia and Vermont are the only states which have received more than their quota of appointments in the government service, at Washington. The District of Columbia, which is only entitled to 28 places, has 318.

When Dr. C. J. Pollock, of Kirksville, Mo., conceived the idea of making the first application for a U. S. patent in the twentieth century, he knew there would be others. But he employed C. A. Snow & Co., of Washington, and, of course, he succeeded.

Mr. Webster Davis' lightning change from an office-holder to a heavy manipulator of real estate may be accounted for in a perfectly legitimate way. Perhaps he is merely putting some of Oom Paul Kruger's savings into safe investments.

France is agitating the question of increasing its merchant marine by adding to the bounties already paid to steamships, which is another argument in favor of the prompt passage of the ship subsidy bill by Congress.

Building log cabins would be no sign of poverty if they were all like the one that is being built on Warren's Island, off the coast of Maine, for a Philadelphia man, which, in cost, when ready for occupancy, \$75,000.

We trust that socialism will never grow strong enough in this country to have a dangerous candidate for the presidency, notwithstanding the prediction of Senator McComas that Mr. Bryan will play that role.

It was really unnecessary for Benjamin Harrison to dignify with a denial the silly story that he was trying to have the army reorganization bill defeated by Congress, to humiliate President McKinley.

In saying that he saw "imperialism" in the acts of the Philippine Commission, Senator Teller made it plain that his eyes needed treatment. When a man sees what doesn't exist he is in a bad way.

Senator Frye, who usually knows what he is talking about, says there isn't the slightest doubt of the Senate passing the shipping bill, notwithstanding the wild talk of a few of its opponents.

The renewal of the discussion of the project for making the Presidential term longer and prohibiting re-election is a good thing. It would be better for our President and better for the country.

Mr. Bryan does not require intending subscribers to his paper, who send the price, to produce affidavits that they are not plutocrats or in any way connected with the octopus.

German trade with Canada is falling off while ours increases. Uncle Sam is out for the control of the commercial roset of the world, and he is getting there with both feet.

Even such obstructionists as are in the Senate did not dare to fly in the face of the patriotic sentiment of the country and try to hold up the army reorganization bill.

As long as the list of those who have failed because they insisted upon being the whole thing is, there are those who will not accept it as a warning.

Democratic enjoyment of the Hopkins-Littelfield squabble in the House should serve as a warning to other republican Congressmen.

English capitalists will erect a big factory in Louisiana to make paper out of "bagasse," heretofore a wasted product of sugar cane.

Several Senators worked off their left-over campaign speeches on "imperialism," in the debate on the army recognition bill.

Perhaps some of President McKinley's popularity arises from the fact that he saw wood and does not hunt ducks.

Senator Quay is another example of the truth of the adage that "He who laughs last laughs best."

President McKinley will deliver an address at the Lincoln birthday celebration in New York, February 21.

## LOST IN THE FLAT TOPS

A Thrilling Incident Which Actually Occurred in Garfield County, Colorado.

The following incident which occurred exactly as here related will, I think, be read with interest by the many readers of your excellent paper:

Garfield county, Colorado, is situated in the northwestern part of the state and lies in the very heart of the Rockies, and in many places the streams abound in trout, and the hills and wooded canyons are abundant with elk, deer, bear and mountain lions, besides much smaller game, which makes this section of Colorado a veritable Eden for sportsmen.

Within its borders lie ranges of mountains, steep and rugged and difficult of ascent, each peak terminating in a flat table-land of nearly uniform size and general appearance. These ranges called "The Flat Tops," are about 9,500 feet high and lie between Grand river on the south and White river on the north.

The valleys between these ranges contain hundreds of acres of excellent pasture, and here the denizens of the mountains roam at will and feed and fatten.

On the table-like tops of several of these elevations are lakes of purest water, lying still and deep, swarming with speckled mountain trout and calmly reflecting the blue over head with white trooping clouds floating softly through.

The Lake of the Woods, at the head of Deep Creek, also a group of three, known as Elk Lakes, from the multitudes of elk which range in their vicinity and come here to drink, also the far-famed Trapper's Lake, the joy of the tourist or sportsman seeking piscatorial pleasures, are prominent.

New Castle, a prosperous little mountain town, is situated about thirty miles distant from these hunting grounds and is the outfitting station for parties going out on hunting expeditions as well as for pleasure seekers from nearly every state in the union, who are striving amid the cool shadows and aromatic airs of the mountains to forget the heat and toil of the city. Here all the paraphernalia for the journey and subsequent camp-life is obtained, including strong carriages drawn by safe horses, tents, saddle ponies, cooking outfits and provisions, and last, but not least by no means, is the trusty guide, who knows every road and trail leading into and through these devious mountain recesses.

About the middle of August, a party fully equipped, left New Castle while as yet the lardy sun was hidden behind mountain peaks to the eastward, and, taking the Elk Creek road, wound in among the foothills, elated with the prospect of speedily arriving at the goal of their expectations, the far-famed hunting grounds.

Shaw's cabin was reached long before sunset, and here the party camped for the night, and at an early hour the next day all were ready for the forward journey, and the destination was reached without accident or special event.

But it is not of the hunting party that I purpose writing, but of one of the helpers of the guide, who, becoming ill, thought it best to take the shortest route for home. His experience I will relate in his own words, as nearly as possible, as he told it to me, some months afterward.

"I left camp about eight in the morning. I had been but a short time in this section of the state and had never before seen the Flat Tops, but thought I could follow the direction given me by the guide. I was mounted on a tough, sure-footed pony and felt sure of my course. At noon I halted beside a mountain stream from which I drank frequently and ate the lunch I had brought with me.

After bating my pony for an hour or so I again started at an easy pace expecting to reach New Castle before sunset. The clouds, which had been running across the sky all morning, now closed in and obscured the sun. My way lay directly across the Flat Tops, and as I climbed and descended one after another, and failed to find the trail the guide had assured me I would strike, which would lead me out of the mountains, I paused and looked about me.

Everything, as far as my eyes could see, looked exactly alike. The flat tops of the hills, as they stretched their grey lengths into space until they mingled with the grey sky, gave no landmark or clue to my whereabouts, and the conviction forced itself upon me that I had lost my way.

Turning my pony's head to the eastward, as I thought, I urged him forward at a brisk gallop, knowing that if I could reach Sawmill Creek before dark I could follow it without difficulty.

The clouds grew thicker and the darkness of night was surely settling down. Sick, alone, and lost in the mountains. It was not a cheering outlook.

The sides of the canyon were steep and rough, so I slacked my pony down over the slide rocks with great caution, lashed him out to get his supper as best he could, and as there was nothing else to be done I built a fire and prepared to camp beside a log for the night.

I had just nine matches in my pocket and nine cartridges for my gun. A spring supplied me and the faithful animal with water, but it made a light supper even for a dyspeptic.

I lay down beside the fire but could not sleep. I could hear my pony grazing all through the night. Day-light came at last and as soon as I could see I started again. All day I traveled, sometimes over precipitous ledges and again over the flat tops of the unknown mountains.

Night came down again, and again the

darkness forced me to halt. I again lashed my pony to graze as best he might and carried water to him from a spring in my saddle blanket.

Tired, faint and hungry, I lay down beside a crackling fire to watch the long, dark hours go slowly by. I could hear, in the distance, the baying of elk and the barking and snarling of wolves with an occasional snort of my pony. How long the night was. I piled on fresh fuel and kept the fire burning brightly, and my gun was at my side, loaded in every chamber.

Day-light came finally and with its first glimmer I saddled my pony and again set forward. I had gone but a short distance when I discovered a big cinnamon coming directly toward me. Hastily dismounting I made the animal fast with the lariar rope and brought my Winchester to my shoulder. It's a breakfast for one or the other of us, I thought, as I took steady aim at the creature. A crack, a flash, and as the smoke cleared a little I saw the big fellow rolling on the ground, then all was still. It was a shot at short range, and my nerves were steady as I took deliberate aim as he came on. Bruin was mine, and with an alacrity born of a long fast I hastily cut a steak and it was soon frezzling and browning before the fire.

A rustling in the bushes near by arrested my attention and for a moment diverted it even from the prospect of a breakfast, for on looking around in that direction my hair fairly rose on end when I saw two big black bears coming down a game-trail toward me, drawn either by the smell of the blood of their comrade or the odor of the roasting meat.

My pony saw them, too, and giving a snort of fear and a frenzied dash in the opposite direction, I saw the rope snap and my pony was gone. I could hear his hoofs clatter against the stones until the sound died out in the distance. I felt more alone than ever, yet I was somewhat relieved at seeing the big brutes turn and lumber away into the thicket. I soon regained composure sufficiently to appease my famished appetite. When this was done I cut off more of the meat and thanked God for present safety, I started forward again carrying my gun, which luckily was not fastened to the saddle when my pony stampeded.

All that day I climbed, and stumbled and fell, weary from exhaustion, faint and sick, and worse than all, completely lost, and as I then believed, without a shadow of hope of ever recovering my way.

What were the dear ones at home thinking?

The darkness of the fourth night settled slowly down around me, and building a fire with my last match I lay down beside it, and strange to say, slept until morning.

My clothes were torn to shreds, not enough of them left to pad a crutch. My flesh was scratched and bleeding in my contact with briars; my shoes were nearly out from my feet with the sharp stones.

With the first dawn of light I started on, as well as my remaining strength would permit.

I had gone but a short distance however when I discovered in the soft soil the imprint of human feet, made not many hours before.

I sank down beside them, and man though I was, I wept like a child. Deliverance at last. And from my heart of hearts I thanked God for leading me to this spot.

I followed the foot-prints and they led me out, but I found myself many miles from home.

The kind-hearted rancher seeing my falcon condition supplied my needs and carried me home; but I shall never forget those awful days and nights, when I was lost in the Flat Tops, nor cease to thank God for final deliverance.

L. S. CARPENTER,  
New Castle, Garfield Co., Colo.

**Soldier Beasts of German Servants.**  
The German government has as yet not been able to solve the servant girl question, although very strict rules for servant and mistress have been enacted and enforced. Servant girls seem to be scarcer and more worthless than ever. Every night the benches in the parks and ten or more gateways in every square are occupied by the girls and their soldier beasts. The country girls of Germany nowadays prefer the factories to housework. The country districts, too, are so short of men that women do most of the hard work on the farms.—Foreign Letter, Chicago Record.

**To Perpetuate Wilson's Memory.**  
It is proposed by the friends of the late William L. Wilson and the alumni of Washington and Lee university, of which he was president, to raise by subscription a fund of at least \$100,000 to maintain a professorship in the university, to be known as the Wilson endowment.

**Smartest May Day Victims.**  
"Nobody could steal \$700,000 from our bank without being caught. We should miss the money." These remarks bring to mind the story of the man who rejoiced that he had no watch for any one to steal, and who, on his way home, was relieved of his purse.

**Yersinia Enter. Is Dangerous.**  
The eruption of Yersinia is gradually increasing in intensity, and the authorities are taking the usual precautions to prevent imprudent tourists from approaching too near the crater.

Quality and not quantity makes De Witt's Little Early Bitters such valuable little liver pills. W. A. Hill, Antioch.

## 20th Century Club.

This club was organized November 10th, 1900, and composed of twenty members, as follows: Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Simons, Mr. Huber, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morley, Miss Lelia Williams and Susie Morley, Charles Alvers, Mr. and Mrs. F. Mathews, Geo. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. A. Edinger, Miss Mona Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. K. Blunt, Miss Alice Emmons, Fred Shollif, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Beswick.

Following were officers of the club: Mrs. J. J. Morley, President; Frank Mathews, Treas.; Mrs. Mildred Blunt, Secretary.

The first meeting was held at Mrs. J. J. Morley's Nov. 15, 1900. The ladies' 1st prize was won by Miss Susie Morley, gent's 1st prize, M. Huber, ladies' and gent's consolation, Miss Alice Emmons and J. J. Morley. A very pleasant evening was spent but at frequent intervals which might be called incessant, was heard strains of sweet enchanting music. Investigation followed, which disclosed Mr. Wallace singing "All Bound 'Round by a Woolen String." He died! On motion of the entire club refreshments closed the evening.

The second meeting was entertained by Miss Mona Hunter. Ladies' 1st prize, Miss Susie Morley, gent's 1st prize, Geo. Wallace, ladies' and gent's consolation, Mr. and Mrs. Beswick. Miss Hunter was very considerate in selecting booby prizes for Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Beswick. We hear that Mr. B's business is good, but there are times when men must saw wood. The tub, and board, for which Mrs. B. fought, was completed next day by the wringer being bought. Refreshments were served at the close of ten games, music following.

The third club meeting was entertained by Mrs. E. L. Simons. Ladies' 1st prize, Mrs. A. Edinger; gent's 1st, J. J. Morley; ladies' and gent's consolation, Mr. E. L. Simons and W. Williams, guest. E. L. Simons had an eye to business, as he secured the bottle of catch-up to supply his table for the coming year. Refreshments closed the evening.

Miss Alice Emmons entertained on Dec. 6th. Ladies' 1st, Miss Drury and Mrs. Mathews, and was won by Miss Drury, gent's consolation, Mrs. A. Edinger and F. Mathews. Miss Emmons over-stepped the lunch limit rule by serving pumpkin pie, for which she was fined \$1 for each member, there being 20 members, it amounted to quite a sum. A good time was reported by all.

On January 3, 1901, Mrs. C. A. Beswick entertained the 20th Century Club. Ladies 1st prize, Mrs. C. A. Beswick, gent's 1st, E. L. Simons; ladies and gent's consolation, Miss Lelia Williams and Fred Shollif. This entertainment was held at the studio and Mr. Beswick took a flashlight of the members of the club.

Friday, Jan. 11th, the club was entertained by Mrs. Blunt, at Park Farm, and the sleigh ride to and from added not a little to the enjoyment of the evening. The crowd hauled up at the door with their call of the evening, led by George Wallace. "A great big hat with a great big brim, all bound 'round by a woolen string." Ladies first prize, Mrs. J. J. Morley; gent's first, J. D. Soule, guest. Miss Emmons would have ladies consolation, and Mr. Huber's prize is still at large. The attraction in the sitting room caused some delay at the head table, but as it was Ernest turn to go down cellar they compromised—although it was a beautiful evening a number of ladies wore mackintoshes with large pockets.

P. S.—There is an apple famine at Park Farm.

## Reconsidered

A Topeka man lost a small opal set out of his ring and went to the jeweler to have it replaced. Returning home he found the lost set and putting it in his mouth for safe keeping, hurried back to the jeweler to have that set used instead of the new opal. Rushing into the store he said: "Say, I've found the old set, so don't use that new one." He attempted to remove the stone from his mouth, gave a gulp, looked sheepish, and said: "I guess you'll have to use the new stone." That man needed a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Sold by W. T. Hill.

**Northern Wisconsin Railroad Lands** are increasing in value from year to year. Railroads are the great civilizers, for they give the settler as well as the manufacturer equal opportunity to work in undeveloped fields, thereby rapidly settling the country and bringing forth its undiscovered riches. Northern Wisconsin is rich in iron ore, clay, kaolin, marl, timber and fine farm lands. It has made many a settler independent and added to the wealth of manufacturers who have sought this territory. Opportunities have not passed, as there is still a generous supply of land which can be obtained at low figures and on easy terms.

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Painful preparations often call for a cathartic because they are often only albuminous foods. There is one preparation that digests all kinds of food, and that is Kodol. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is the best of all instant reliefs for indigestion, constipation, and all the ailments of the stomach and bowels. Wm. T. Hill.

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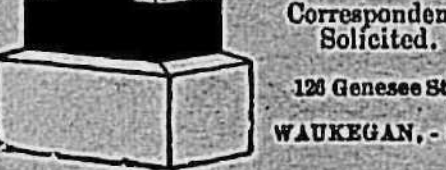
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CHAPTER XVII.

Slowly and dreadingly dragged the days away to Clarence and his boy companion. The dungeon in which they were confined was in the stout castle of San Juan de Uluca. It was not damp as most of the cells were, but very strong and dark, there being barely sufficient light to read by at noonday. It was about a month after his confinement that Clarence was informed that a priest wished to see him. It was in the afternoon, and the day had been very bright and clear.

"What does he want?" the prisoner asked.

"It is one of our good priests who knows of your heresy, and who would save your soul," replied the jailer.

Clarence bade the jailer to let the priest come in. In a few minutes afterwards the keeper returned, and a Catholic priest followed him in. The former simply nodded an introduction, and then withdrew.

"Well, son," commenced Father Rondo—it was Gonzales—"how does your confinement agree with you?"

"As well as the same would agree with any man who preferred his liberty," answered the youth.

"But I suppose you find some consolation in your loneliness."

"Yes, senior," returned Clarence. "I am consoled by the belief that the arms of my countrymen will ere long open my prison door."

"Is there not something unmentioned that occupies your thoughts at times?" asked the priest.

"Senior!" spoke the youth, starting to his feet, "you may speak plainly."

"I will. Would you like to hear from Irene St. Marc?"

"More than from any other living soul!" answered Clarence, quickly and eagerly.

"Well—I have a message from her to you. I have had it in keeping for a month, and this is the first opportunity I have had to see you. I told her you had been put in prison. She would have come to you then if I would have permitted. No consideration of self could deter her; but when I made her understand that you would suffer equally with her if she fell into her father's hands again, she consented to be governed by my advice. You have seen the old woman, Calypso?"

"Yes, senior," the youth replied, anxiously.

"Well, the maiden went away with her. I promised that I would see you, and tell you all. Donna Irene loves you almost too well. At all events, her whole undivided heart is yours; and not until I had promised her that I would see you, would she consent to leave the vicinity of this city."

"Oh!" cried Clarence, clasping his hands and raising his eyes to heaven. "Heaven bless and protect her! But have you heard from her since?"

"Yes—this very morning. She was in the city of Mexico a week ago, and was going from there to Valladolid."

"And was she well?"

"Yes—perfectly so."

"O, I bless you, good senior, for this. Henceforth my bondage will be light in comparison with the past months. Of course, I shall know where she is when I am free?"

"Yes. You shall see me. If I do not find you, you must seek me. But I may see you now occasionally. If you will help me make the officers of the prison think I am your confessor I can gain access here often."

"I will. O, I'd confess a thousand sins for one word from Irene. But you will come as often as you hear from her?"

"If I can, of course; for I only hear for you. She needs no word for me alone, save the warm friendship she feels for all who have been kind to her."

Awile longer they continued upon the subject of Irene and her father, and then the good priest took his leave.

From that time forth Father Rondo visited the prison as often as convenient. In another month he brought further word from Irene. She was in Valladolid, and there she meant to stop through the winter, as she had found a comfortable home and was safe from danger.

Thus the months wore away, and Clarence began to wonder if he should ever be free. A strong hope had thus far sustained him, but he began now to falter. He often asked his jailers how the war was progressing, but they lied to him. He knew this from the statements of the priest. March came, with its winds and storms, and yet the prison doors were not opened. But in a few days from that time the officers who sometimes visited the cells were strange expressions upon their countenances. Clarence kept a calendar upon the wall of his dungeon with an old nail which he had begged of a jailer for that purpose. One morning after eating his breakfast he went to the wall to make his mark for that day. It was the ninth mark for March.

"Hark!" uttered Peter, as his master turned from the wall. "What is that?"

"Perhaps the troops are turning out for drill," answered Clarence.

"No, no. Do you not hear that distant sound? That hum, as though a vast course of people were shouting?"

"Ay—I do," said the captain, bowing his head and listening.

"And did you not notice how pale and agitated the soldier looked who brought in our breakfast?"

"I did not look at him."

"But I did—and I noticed that he was much moved, too."

After this the two prisoners listened attentively, and while they were thus listening, Gonzales Rondo was admitted to their cell.

"Have you heard anything?" the priest asked.

"Yes, good father; and we were listening as you came in. What is it?"

"A large army of United States troops is landing opposite the city, and a heavy fleet of warships is moored here."

"Ho!" cried the youth, leaping up and clasping his hands. "My deliverance is at hand!"

"Do not round too much hope upon this," said the priest, "for it is much to blunder upon, for it is his sense he must see that he cannot hold out many days more. Some have told me that they can

hold out four days, but this morning one who ought to know told me that two days after this would be the longest. Our people are not only falling fast, but our means are falling while the besiegers seem as fresh and strong as ever."

Night and day came again, and Clarence placed another mark upon his calendar. It was the twenty-sixth one for March. He had hardly fixed his mark when the firing ceased, and ere long a deathlike stillness reigned over the place.

"Hark!" whispered Peter.

"Ay—hark!" shouted Howard, springing back and clasping his hands. "It's that glorious sound!"

It was a shout, a prolonged, thundering shout of victory, that saluted the ears of the prisoners, and it came from the distant army, where the Americans were.

Now the youthful captain was nervous and anxious. Each hour seemed an age, and he longed to greet his brave companions. But time was not moved aside at his prayer, nor could his longings expedite the transactions that were going on without. But the time came at length. When the dungeon had become dark and drear once more, and just as the prisoners had made up their minds that they were to spend another night in the prison, when the firing ceased, and ere long a tramp of heavy feet was heard in the long, arched corridor, and shortly afterwards the heavy door was opened.

"Number one hundred and seven, 'prisoner of war,'" read an officer, who held an open book in his hand. "Now, whom have we here?"

"Great heaven, I thank thee!" ejaculated Clarence, raising his clasped hands. "Clarence—don't you know me?"

"What? Whose voice is that?"

"Clarence Howard owned it once."

"Clear—what? Clarence Howard? Heaven bless you, my dear fellow!"

Half a dozen American officers crowded about the spot, and when they knew that the prisoner was in reality the noble commander of the Lone Star, their joy knew no bounds.

The sun was just sinking when Howard emerged into the wide court of the castle, and for a moment a sensation of horror pervaded his soul, for the ghastly evidence of the death work that had been going on were to be seen upon all sides.

On the following morning Clarence received a visit from one of the general's orderlies, who bade him wait upon the commander-in-chief at once. Our hero had eaten his breakfast, so he was ready to set out, and he accompanied the messenger back. He found the stout old general with numbers of his staff about him. He arose as the young captain was introduced, and extended his hand.

"Am I right, sir, in looking upon you as the commander of the Texas schooner of war which has done so much execution against the enemy?" asked Scott, gazing admiringly into the handsome face of the victor.

"I am the man, general," replied Clarence, modestly.

"And how came you here?" the old commander asked.

The youth told his story in a few words as possible.

"And besides all this," he added, after he had told of the message he had received from Irene. "I knew that I should gain from the maiden some information of the privateers that had fitted out at this port, as her father knew them all and had some interest in one or more of them. But I gained nothing, as you already know, save pretty snug winter quarters."

"Well," returned Scott, "you haven't lost much, for there's been nothing of much consequence going on since you were imprisoned until we commenced this bombardment. And now what do you wish to do?"

"I should like to work, but—what are your movements?"

"I am for the Mexican capital, captain."

"Then let me go with you. Give me a musket, and let me go."

"We'll do better than that," said the general, with a look of pleasure. "You shall keep my company, and we'll find a commission and a pair of epaulettes for you; by the powers, my dear sir, we need such good heads and arms as yours."

It was soon settled that the young officer should go with the army, and take his station near the commander-in-chief, until some vacancy should occur where his presence should be more needed. During the remainder of the time that the army remained at Vera Cruz, Clarence spent the time very pleasantly with his brother officers. Scott opened the port to the commerce which had been languishing under the blockade, and placed the gallant Worth in command of the city.

(To be continued.)

Honesty in Small Things.

"Put that back!" exclaimed President John Quincy Adams, when his son took a sheet of paper from a pigeon hole to write a letter. "That belongs to the government. Here is my own stationery, at the other end of the desk I always use it for letters on private business."

This conscientiousness in regard to what many would consider a mere trifle may appear excessive. But the dividing line between vice and virtue is so fine that the boundary is often unconsciously crossed, and it is just as dangerous for a young person to dally with conscience as it is for a child to toy with a dagger, or to play with fire. He who is honest in small things can always be trusted in great.

There is truth not to be ignored in the old-fashioned rhyme:

It is a sin to steal a pin.

No matter how little value the thing we appropriate from another may possess, the fact that it does not belong to us should make it sacred. Success.

Gingerbread as a Barometer.

In the rural regions of Maine the people waste no money in buying barometers. They put a piece of gingerbread out at the door and know when the gingerbread is moist and pliable that rain may be expected, and when it becomes crisp that a dry spell is coming. As for thermometers, they say: "What's the good of them—any fool knows when it's hot or cold."

Surface Pressure of a Hurricane.

In a hurricane blowing at eighty miles an hour the pressure on each square foot of surface is thirty-one and one-half pounds.

## BALLOTS ARE CAST.

### ELECTORAL COLLEGE PERFORMS QUADRENNIAL WORK.

Cambridge Method of Cheating the Nation's Chiefs—Results Forwarded to Washington—Popular Vote and Plurality for President Since 1870.

William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt were elected President and Vice-President of the United States at noon Tuesday. The electoral college met at that time. It cast 447 votes. Of these 202 were given to McKinley and Roosevelt and 155 to Bryan and Stevenson.

The electoral college does not meet in a body. Its membership consists of the electors chosen in each of the forty-five States of the Union last November. The electors of each State journey to their respective State capitals. They meet with the Governor of the State and other dignitaries. At noon each member casts a ballot for the presidential and vice-presidential candidates. He was chosen to deliver it to the President of the United States Senate. The third is placed in the hands of the judge of the district in which the electors convene. In this way loss of the statement or failure of it is avoided.

The House Tuesday passed a bill appropriating \$12,500 to defray mileage of electoral messengers bearing to Washington the verdict of the people in the last presidential election.

At noon Feb. 13, the president of the Senate will summon the doorkeeper of that body, and opening the safe will deliver to him the forty-five sealed envelopes. The doorkeeper will place them in two new cherry-wood boxes, and carry them into the Senate chamber. The members of the Senate will form themselves into a procession and march under police escort to the House of Representatives. There the House officially will receive the Senate, and the business of counting the official returns will begin.

When the result is known the president of the Senate will announce to the assembled Congress: "William McKinley has been duly elected President of these United States, and Theodore Roosevelt Vice-President, for four years beginning March 4, 1901."

Then, and not until then, is the full ceremony of a presidential election accomplished.

The electoral vote as cast by the electors of the various States Tuesday is as follows:

McKinley	Bryan	Roosevelt	Stevenson
Alabama	9	7	0
Arkansas	7	0	0
California	9	5	0
Colorado	3	3	0
Connecticut	5	0	0
Delaware	3	0	0
Florida	9	0	0
Georgia	7	0	0
Idaho	3	0	0
Illinois	11	0	0
Iowa	7	0	0
Kansas	6	0	0
Kentucky	7	0	0
Louisiana	9	0	0
Maine	3	0	0
Maryland	6	0	0
Massachusetts	11	0	0
Michigan	14	0	0
Minnesota	10	0	0
Mississippi	9	0	0
Missouri	11	0	0
Montana	3	0	0
Nebraska	7	0	0
Nevada	3	0	0
New Hampshire	3	0	0
New Jersey	10	0	0
New York	29	0	0
North Carolina	11	0	0
North Dakota	3	0	0
Ohio	21	0	0
Oregon	3	0	0
Pennsylvania	23	0	0
Rhode Island	3	0	0
South Carolina	7	0	0
South Dakota	3	0	0
Tennessee	7	0	0
Texas	16	0	0
Vermont	3	0	0
Virginia	12	0	0
Washington	3	0	0
West Virginia	3	0	0
Wisconsin	11	0	0
Wyoming	3	0	0

McKinley's majority, 101.

In connection with the recent quadrennial meeting of the electoral college the popular vote of this and some preceding elections is of public interest. The figures are:

Year	McKinley	Bryan	Roosevelt	Stevenson
1900	7,260,077	4,123,897	0	0
1896	7,104,704	5,542,022	0	0
1892	6,017,854	5,530,913	0	0
1888	5,538,283	5,542,022	0	0
1884	5,017,854	5,530,913	0	0
1880	4,123,897	5,542,022	0	0
1876	4,123,897	5,542,022	0	0
1872	4,123,897	5,542,022	0	0
1868	4,123,897	5,542,022	0	0
1864	4,123,897	5,542,022	0	0
1860	4,123,897	5,542,022	0	0

Will ignore Empress.

Chinese Plenipotentiaries Will Not Head Latest Bid.

Prince Ching and Li-Hung-Chang have been presented with the identical agreements of the powers arranging the preliminary peace terms, and have both declared their intention of signing them even if it costs them their heads.

They received a decree peremptorily directing them not to sign the preliminary note unless the demands for the raising of the tariff, the establishment of permanent foreign military posts between Peking and the sea, and of legation guards at Peking, and for the prohibition of arms in China are stricken out. After a conference, at which they went over the whole situation, they determined, in spite of the order of the Dowager Empress, to sign the note. Disobedience of a decree of this nature is punishable by death.

Prince Ching and Li-Hung-Chang telegraphed to the Dowager Empress repeating their arguments in favor of signing the note and pointing out the impossibility of China making any resistance to the demands. They added that they had received the first order directing the acceptance of the terms, and ordering them to sign the note. They had communicated this to the powers, which in itself constituted an acceptance, which it was now impossible to revoke.

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A riding has been made by Land Commissioner Hermann which will have important effect upon entry of public lands under what is known as the reservoir act. The riding recites that "a declaratory statement, under the act of Jan. 13, 1897, does not withdraw the land covered thereby from other entry." Under the act in question the Interior Department has heretofore held that declaratory statements absolved lands filed upon from other entry, and as by filing such declaratory statement and the payment of nominal fees 100 acres could be held by entrymen for two years before commencing construction of reservoirs or other improvements necessary to secure patent. Immense areas have been so secured in western Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and Utah by land-grabbing concerns to the exclusion of actual settlers. The department believes that opening lands taken under this act to entry under general land laws will materially check the evil.

A rare distinction is that enjoyed by Judge William H. Harrison, who has been chosen to succeed Gen. Joe Wheeler in Congress from the State of Alabama. During the Civil War, when a mere boy, he was under sentence of death and narrowly escaped the gallows. He had enlisted in the Confederate army, been captured in his first battle and taken to Indiana as a prisoner of war. He escaped and, falling in with a Confederate spy, tried to make his way back through the Federal lines to the South. The spy, known to the outside world only as "Mr. Paul," was captured, and with him young Richardson. The boy was condemned to be hanged, as well as the older spy, when the Confederate general, Forrest, attacked the Union forces under Crittenden at Murfreesboro just in time to liberate the two condemned men. Richardson went back to Alabama, studied law after the war, became probate and county judge and now occupies Joe Wheeler's seat in Congress.

The dispatches from Manila tell of the deportation from that island of several important generals and leaders of the insurgents, who will be sent to Guam to reflect upon their folly. This is a new policy, and the result of recommendations from officers over there, who have at least learned that the Filipinos dread exile more than imprisonment or even death. It is said that the natives are so attached to their island that emigration is unknown. The knowledge of this peculiarity has suggested banishment as a punishment for the leaders of the insurrection, and the experiment will be tried.

During the last three months the post-offices in the country have shown an increase in receipts that surpasses all precedent. St. Louis shows the largest gain. The sales of stamps at that office during the last quarter of the calendar year 1899 were \$243,071, while during the last quarter of 1900 they have almost doubled and amounted to \$482,804. The receipts in Chicago jumped from \$1,644,225 to \$1,850,522, and in New York from \$1,001,237 to \$2,533,020. The increase in Philadelphia and Boston was barely nominal.

There is a proposition to abandon the bayonet, which army officers on duty in the Philippines say is useless. Most of the soldiers serving in the field find the bayonet a hindrance. It is related in some of the reports that they discard the article in going through the jungle. One officer, in a report to the War Department, says: "The days of hand-to-hand conflicts have passed. The bayonet on land is not of as much utility as the cut-throat on sea."

The debates in both the Senate and House of Representatives show that it was the intention of Congress to tax the telegraph companies and the express companies upon their gross earnings, and not the people who patronize them, but the law was so carelessly drawn that both the telegraph and express companies have been able to evade the tax and compel their patrons to pay it.

Speaker Henderson has recovered sufficiently to resume the chair of the House of Representatives. Secretary Hay is better, and is able to go out. Mr. Deane is also improving, but the grip epidemic is extending, and the doctors are all busy. The social program is very much interfered with. Washington has suffered from the grip before, but never so much as now.

No information has been received by the Department of State either through the British embassy in Washington or the American embassy in London concerning the intentions of Lord Salisbury's government toward the amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. The information that comes from private sources is rejected as idle gossip.

The appointment of Col. Samuel M. Whitfield to be brigadier general of volunteers is reported to have caused demonstration of pleasure in Santiago de Cuba, where he is stationed now.

The coinage of the United States mints in 1900 aggregated \$187,500,401, of which the gold amounted to \$80,272,042, the silver to \$80,295,321, and the minor coins to \$2,081,187.

Secretary Gage has sent to the House an estimate of appropriations aggregating \$1,000,000 for continuation of the work on the United States postoffice and court house building at Chicago for the fiscal year 1902.

The House rivers and harbors committee has cut the total appropriations to \$80,000,000.

The State Department is advised that Venezuela contemplates purchasing the Island of Curaçao.







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